

CROWN

NO.
13

COMICS

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PDC

MAY 1948

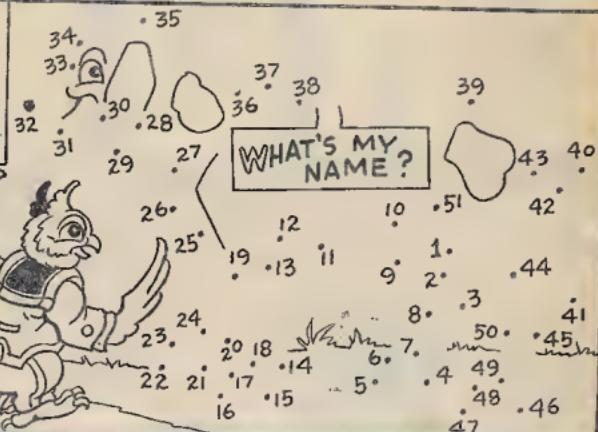


WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



CROWN PUZZLE PAGE

CONNECT THE DOTS IN THEIR ORDER TO DRAW THE THIRD MEMBER OF THIS GROUP.



IN LEAD



TO WIN THIS NAME GAME YOU MUST SPELL AT LEAST 15 GIRLS' NAMES BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN "IN LEAD" AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH.

AABEEF
GLLRU



USE UP ALL THE ABOVE LETTERS, EACH JUST ONCE, AND TRY TO SPELL A BIRD, AN ANIMAL AND AN INSECT.

A.W.NUGENT

SOLUTIONS:

PUZZLE NO. 1: DELL, EDNA, IDA, LILLIAN, LENA, MELBA AND ANN.
PUZZLE NO. 2: GULI, BEAR.

PUZZLE NO. 1: ANN, DELA, IDA, LILLIAN, LENA, MELBA AND ANN.

PUZZLE NO. 2: DELL, EDNA, IDA, LILLIAN, LENA, MELBA AND ANN.







WHAT DID YOUR BROTHER JOEY SAY WHEN HE AWOKE AND FOUND THE PAPERS GONE?

HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT THE TABLE WAS BY A WINDOW, AND HE LOOKED DOWN IN THE ALLEY AS THOUGH HE THOUGHT THEY HAD BLOWN OUT. HE LEFT THEN, AND HASN'T BEEN HOME SINCE.

JOEY HAS BEEN HIDING FROM THE GANG SINCE HE LOST THE DIAGRAMS. THEY DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD THE PAPERS, BUT THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LEAD THEM TO JOEY.

IF JOEY TOLD THE GANG HE LOST THE DIAGRAMS, THEY MAY HAVE KILLED HIM -- OR THEY WILL WHEN THE THUG WHO RECOVERED THE DIAGRAMS REPORTS BACK TO THE GANG.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS --TWENTY MINUTES LATER--

DROP EVERYTHING, CAPTAIN FLYNN! A GANG IS GOING TO HIT A BANK, AND WE'VE GOT TO DOPE OUT WHICH ONE FROM VERY LITTLE EVIDENCE!



AFTER VIC GIVES CAPTAIN FLYNN THE DETAILS --

ALL THIS TORN CORNER CAN TELL US IS THAT A TELLER'S CAGE IS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO AN ELEVATOR.



CLARK DEHAVEN THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE POLO PLAYER,

RETAINED ME TO FIND OUT THAT CHECKS IT'S AFTER CLOSING HOUR NOW, AND NO BANKS WILL BE OPEN TILL MONDAY MORNING.

I CATCH, VIC, AND TO KEEP HER NAME OUT OF THE PAPERS, YOU'LL HAVE TO CORRAL THAT KID BROTHER OF HERS -- IF HE'S STILL ALIVE.



AS NIGHT FALLS, VIC AND HIS DALMATIAN PROWL THROUGH A TOUGH DISTRICT --

LET'S SEE IF THERE ARE ANY STOOL PIGEONS WE KNOW IN THIS JOINT, ERIE.

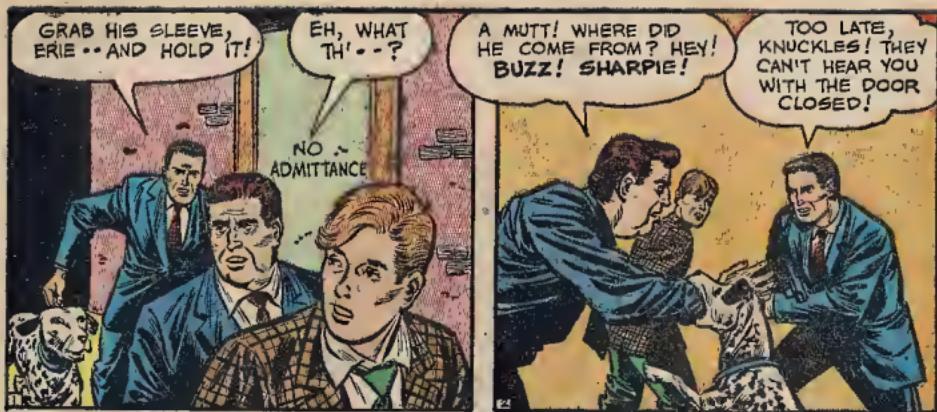


TEN BUCKS SAYS YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE GANG THAT YOUNG JOEY JEROME IS MIXED UP WITH, ALFY.

YOU'RE IN LUCK, CUTTER, GIVE ME THAT TEN AND GO TO A VACANT LOFT BUILDING ON THE CORNER OF HUDSON. BETTER PACK A ROD. THE GANG IS RED HOT!







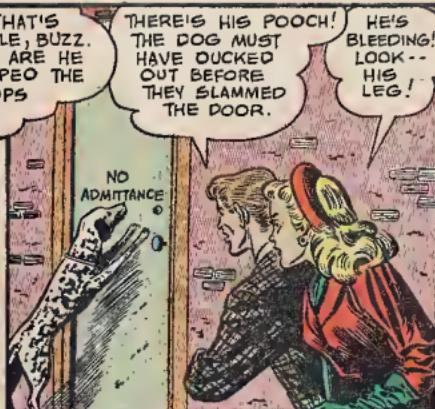


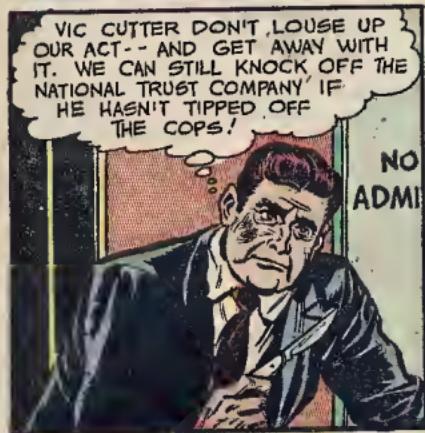
OKAY, CUTTER! WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' AN HOUR FOR YOU TO COME TO. START TALKIN'! WHO HIRED YOU TO STICK YOUR NOSE IN OUR BUSINESS? JOEY'S SISTER?

YEAH -- THAT'S THE ANGLE, BUZZ. CHANCES ARE HE AIN'T TIPEO THE COPS YET.

THERE'S HIS POOCH! THE DOG MUST HAVE DUCKED OUT BEFORE THEY SLAMMED THE DOOR.

HE'S BLEEDING! LOOK -- HIS LEG!







VOODAH





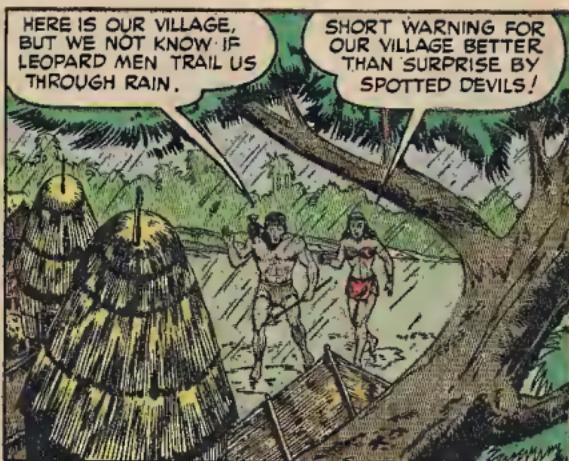












OUR VILLAGE NOT PREPARED FOR ATTACK. DEATH WILL CATCH THOSE WHO DO NOT FLEE.

BUT IF LEOPARD MEN COME FROM ALL SIDES, EVEN THOSE WHO FLEE WILL BE TRAPPED!



LEOPARD MEN FEAR SOLDIER'S FIRE STICKS. WHITE HUNTER LEAVE THESE FIRE STICK SHELLS MANY MOONS AGO. MAYBE I MAKE 'EM WORK MAGIC.

NO, VOODAH, THEY ONLY ARROWS. YOU NOT HAVE FIRE STICK TO USE FOR BOW.



THE JACKALS FLEE THEIR VILLAGE. WE CIRCLE 'ROUND -- CATCH 'EM ON ALL SIDES!

RAIN STOP. SUN SOON DRY HUTS AND WE SET 'EM FIRE!



MAYBE FIRE WORK LIKE FIRE STICK. I CANNOT SAVE MY BROTHERS IF I NOT RISK MY LIFE!

LEOPARD MEN, VOODAH! THEY COME ON ALL SIDES!



QUICK, ZANZI! UP TO THE HIGHEST BRANCHES!



SPOTTED DEVILS COME TO KILL--BUT THEY RUN WHEN I DROP FIRE STICK BELT INTO FIRE!





LEOPARD MEN RUN, BUT THEIR
WITCH DOCTOR WAITS TO
LEARN MY TRICK. IF HE
ESCAPES TO TELL THEM...

YOUR SPEAR
MUST NOT FAIL,
VOODAH!



VOODAH MAKE WHITE
MAN'S MAGIC! KILL
WITCH DOCTOR WHEN
SPOTTED DEVILS FLEE.
WE GO BACK TO VILLAGE
NOW!

YES, BROTHERS--HAVE
NO FEAR, LEOPARD MEN
NOT STOP TILL THEY
MAKE FOUR, FIVE
DAYS MARCH.



WE MAKE FEAST
NOW FOR VOODAH,
THE FEARLESS ONE!
LEOPARD MEN NOT
COME BACK HERE
IN OUR LIFETIME!

RATTLESNAKE HILL

by Paul Norton

Dave Grover worked part-time at the Highway Service Station. That's where he first met Cliff Warner, the snake man from the carnival that went "bust" in Oakville.

Cliff careened his open-air jalopy into the station one evening and said to fill 'er up. He had red hair and a wide grin that was catching. "Know of any rattlesnakes handy?" he asked Dave without any build-up.

Dave, of course, was surprised. "Rattlers?" He echoed. Was this guy kidding?

"Yep—rattlesnakes. Big, fat, healthy ones," Cliff explained, grinning. "I make a business of 'milking' 'em. I could use a partner who knows the lay of the land around here. You find 'em and I do the rest."

Dave was skeptical at first. What would anyone in their right senses want with rattlesnakes, anyway?

Cliff said the venom—poison—was useful medically. An Eastern laboratory bought all they could get, and paid a good price. "It's really simple, if you know snakes. First you find the rattlers, then we catch 'em. I'll take care of milking the venom."

It sounded fantastic, so more out of curiosity than hope of adding to his funds earmarked "College Money," Dave fell in with the scheme.

"Okay. It's a deal. About ten miles south of here there's a place called Rattlesnake Hill. Everybody avoids the spot. Too dangerous . . ."

Cliff nodded. "Just the ticket. I'll pick you up Saturday morning. Okay?"

Early Saturday, Cliff Warner and Dave Grover rambled along in the open car, headed for Rattlesnake Hill and a poison-hunting expedition. The back seat of the old car was piled with special equipment: a small can of white paint, two forked sticks, several short lengths of new stove pipe, a case of small bottles and two pairs of heavy gloves. And of course, their lunch.

A short distance out of town a State Police car was parked alongside the road. The trooper

waved them to a halt. "Where you guys headed?" he asked.

Cliff explained their business to the surprised cop. After viewing their identification papers—although he knew Dave by sight—he voiced his disapproval of their project.

"Anyone who fools around with rattlesnakes when he can avoid it is crazy! I should run you two in just on general principles."

Dave knew something was in the wind to have made the trooper so peevish. "You watching for something special?" he asked.

"Yes," admitted the trooper, "he's something 'special', all right. Sammy 'The Blink' escaped from State's Prison last night. Killed a tower guard making his getaway. But he's an easy guy to spot—blinks his eyes all the time. All the highways are blockaded and he hasn't a chance of slipping through."

The officer waved them on, still grumbling to himself about messing around with snakes when you didn't have to.

The day was perfect, hot and clear. The rattlesnakes would be basking in the sun on the rocks.

The surrounding country was barren except for stunted sagebrush and brown, dried-up desert weeds. A jumbled heap of bleak rocks lay off to the right of the highway. They left the road and went jouncing over the rocks and sand. Rattlesnake Hill lay straight ahead: an uninviting heap of hostile rocks.

About one hundred yards from the edge of the hill they had to park the car. It was too rough to continue on wheels. "It's Shank's mare from here on," Cliff said cheerfully.

They gathered up the needed equipment and began a laborious ascent up the broken-up mound.

"This place is alive with rattlers," Dave warned, and paused, eyes searching the rocks ahead. Then they heard the first warning buzz. A big fellow, about five feet long was coiled and ready to spring, just ahead of them. A musky odor—the reptile smell—was strong in their nostrils now.

Cliff warned Dave back with a wave of his

hand. He advanced warily, pronged stick outstretched toward the enraged snake. The hum of rattles sent a chill into Dave's blood. The sound was more nerve-wracking than the rasp of a file on flexible steel.

The rattler struck at Cliff's stick. He expertly pinned it to the ground, the fork about an inch behind the head with its wildly gnashing fangs.

In fascination, Dave watched Cliff reach down and grasp it firmly behind the head. "Whee! isn't he a lively beauty?" Cliff said admiringly. "Enough venom in that baby to kill ten horses!"

Dave shivered, but remembered his instructions. He took one of the bottles from his knapsack. It was the special "milking jar" and had a wide mouth that was covered with a thin piece of rubber, like a toy balloon, stretched taut over the opening.

Holding the jar by the bottom, Dave extended it toward the rattler's head. Obligingly, the mouth opened wide and Cliff pressed the long fangs through the film of rubber. He carefully massaged the poison pouches, one on each side of the rattler's head. His fingers worked the venom forward, forcing it out through the hollow fangs. It hung there, drops of amber evil, dripping lazily into the bottom of the jar. When the fangs were withdrawn the remaining poison hanging to them was scraped clean by the rubber.

Cliff noted the amount of venom caught, and chuckled with satisfaction. He daubed a bit of white paint on the back of the "dry" snake, for identification, and released him.

Dave was astonished at this. "Why didn't you kill it?" he asked.

"Why should I kill it?" Cliff asked matter-of-factly. "It'll grow more poison. Just like a herd of cows. That's a good healthy snake. Its poison is used in treating some types of paralysis, among other things. Who knows? Maybe that fellow's saved a life!"

It was an entirely new idea to Dave — the fact that a rattler might have some good use.

They gradually worked their way around the hill, repeating the same process with every snake they captured. Cliff Warner said it was the best "find" he'd run across in a long time. There seemed to be no end to the rattlers in this huge rocky nest.

They were struck at many times by vicious fangs, but thanks to Cliff's snake knowledge there was no harm done.

Finally, in mid-afternoon, hunger made Cliff

aware that it was late. "Let's head back for the car," he suggested. "We'll eat lunch and still have about an hour left before the sun quits on us. The snakes will crawl back into their holes then."

They started picking their way back around the rocky hill, when a shout made them both look up. Someone was searching through the car, had spotted them and yelled. The strange man came running toward them, bounding along, an automatic in his hand and a snarl on his lips.

"Hey!" Cliff shouted in warning, "don't come up here!"

Dave realized instantly what would happen. The snakes . . . He waved his arms in the air, trying to signal for the fellow to stay back.

On he came, shouting something about a key . . . the car key. He started up the bottom of the rocky slope. Then a scream of terror reached the two on top of the hill. Wildly the man fired the automatic, seven shots in quick succession. He'd emptied the gun — shooting at the rattlers. He screamed again, staggered a few steps more, tottered, slipped and fell. He climbed to his feet, weaving, and crying his fear.

"Come on," Cliff called to Dave. "He's bitten — I'll bet ten snakes hit him in the last twenty feet!"

They trotted down the rough slope. Rattlers buzzed angrily all around them, resenting the disturbance. On the ground lay Sammy The Blink, no doubt of it. He looked dazed, his eyes blinking rapidly.

"I — I'm snake-bit," he groaned. "Do something! Help me!"

Cliff knelt and rolled up the escaped convict's trouser legs. There were a dozen or more tiny twin punctures in the skin. Cliff shook his head. Anti-snake-bite wouldn't do this fellow any good.

"Why didn't you stop when we warned you?" Cliff asked.

"Stop — ? Why should I stop? Why don't they bite you? It looked safe . . . had to have your car . . . getaway . . ." his voice trailed away to nothing.

"They can't bite us," Cliff said. He pulled up one of his pants legs and displayed the lengths of tin stove pipe he wore under his trousers. "They can't bite through tin, and we were careful to keep our hands out of striking distance."

But Sammy The Blink, unconscious, didn't hear. He never did know where he had made his mistake — not unless St. Peter told him.

Minnie Soo and Little Haha

IT'S A DAY FOR SWIMMING, SO MINNIE SOO AND LITTLE HAHA ARE RIDING PAINT BRUSH AND BEEHIVE, THEIR PONIES, ON THE WAY TO THE POND! LITTLE SLOO PUMPER RIDES BEHIND LITTLE HAHA AND WATCHES PINNY, THE PATRIDGE, RACKY THE COON, AND DEWDROP THE SKUNK, TAG ALONG WITH THEM!

THIS IS A BEE-OOTIFUL DAY FOR SWIMMING! ISN'T IT, LITTLE HAHA?

YAH! WE CAN DIVE OFF THE BACKS OF BEEHIVE AN' PAINT BRUSH AN' HAVE A LOT OF FUN!



LAST ONE IN'S A PAPOOSE!

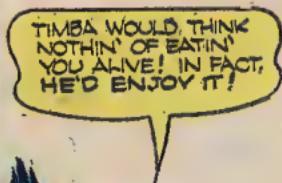
WHEEEEE!

PEOPLE ARE SURE FUNNY!

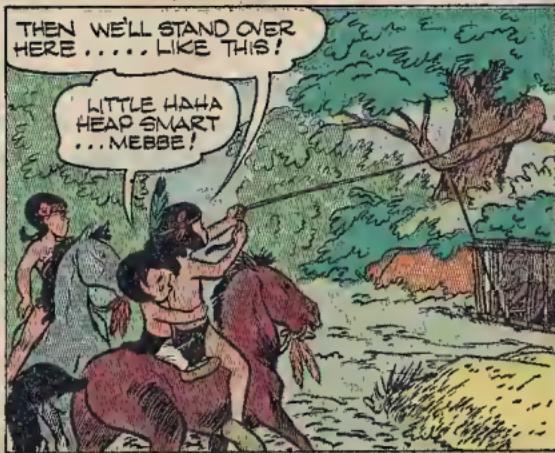
IT MUST BE FUN TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY LIKE THAT!

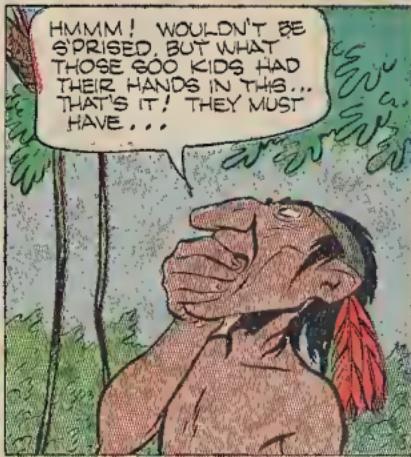
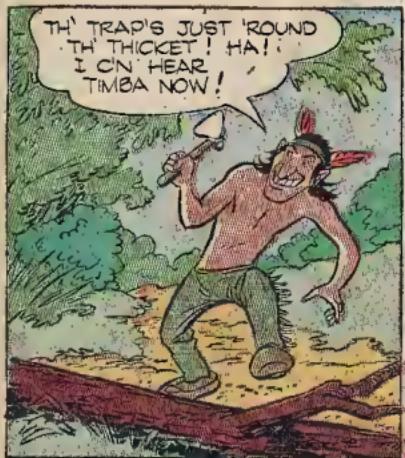






I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES! I KNOW I'VE CAUGHT TIMBA! AW, WHAT A PRIZE HE IS! THE SOO HAVE TRIED TO GET HIM FOR MANY, MANY MOONS!





OUR PETS CAN'T
BE FAR AWAY!
THEY'RE MAYBE TOO
SCARED TO SHOW
THEMSELVES!



LYNX HAS FOUND
THE PONY TRAILS

I WAS
RIGHT!
THOSE
KIDS DID
IT! I
WONDER
IF SLOO
PUMPER
IS WITH
'EM!



AS LYNX BEGINS HIS HUNT
FOR MINNIE, SOO AND
LITTLE HAHA... AND SLOO
PUMPER... LITTLE DOES HE
KNOW THAT TIMBA IS
LURKING NEARBY FOR REVENGE!



HERE PINNY!
HERE RACKY!
HERE DEWDROP!

AHA! THEY COME
BACK, RIGHT
INTO MY TRAP!



OH-HH!!

NOW I'VE
GOT YA!!



HELP! LITTLE HAHA!
HELP!!





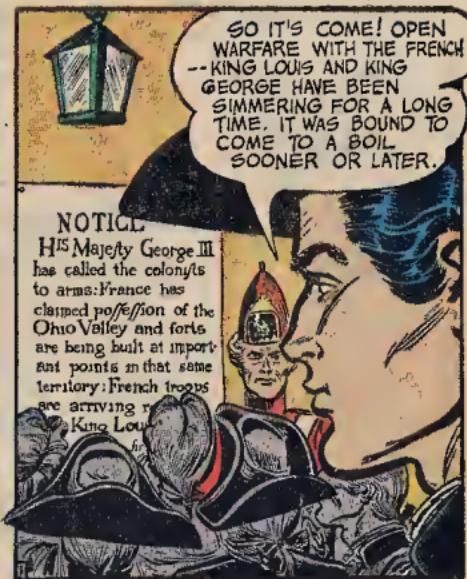


COME! COME! HURRY!

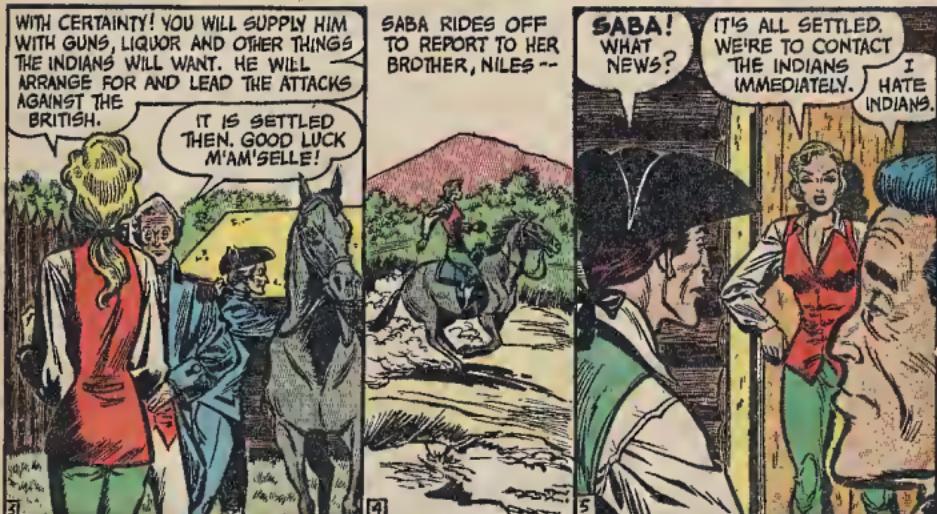


BART STEWART

BOLLE STAR

















JUST THEN THE FIRE GETS TO ANOTHER POWDER SUPPLY AND--



BART'S HORSE IS STARTLED BY THE SECOND BLAST--AND REARS IN TIME TO RUIN NILES' AIM--



VIC CUTTER

CASE OF THE CONFUSED KILLER

COME ON, LAURA.
YOU AND I AND ERIC
ARE HEADING FOR A
DRIVE IN THE
COUNTRY....



"I suppose it isn't ethical for a professional man to run out on a client. But there are times when the pressure of work gets unbearable. The particular Friday afternoon of which I speak was such a day...."

THAT MUST BE YOUR
WOULD-BE CLIENT'S
CAR, VIC. HE'S CERTAINLY
PERSISTENT.

I'LL SIMPLY
BREAK A TRAFFIC
LAW AND DRIVE
AROUND HIM.
WE'RE TAKING THAT
RIDE, LAURA.



EEEEEE!
VIC;
LOOK!
A... A...
A CORPSE!
GOOD
HEAVENS!



THAT'S WHAT I WANTED
TO SEE YOU ABOUT,
CUTTER! I PLACED
IT IN YOUR CAR,
KNOWING THAT
EVEN IF I MISSED
YOU, THAT WOULD
HOLD YOU UP...

WHO IS IT?
WHAT'S THIS ALL
ABOUT?



'I DO NOT KNOW HOW LONG I STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF MY OFFICE FLOOR. I WAS SHOCKED AND DAZED. VAGUELY I REMEMBER SEEING KENT STUMBLE OUT OF MY OFFICE...'

I'VE SHOT HIM!
I'VE SHOT HARVEY
KENT! WHAT SHOULD
I DO? WHAT SHOULD
I DO?

'I KNEW I HAD TO FIND KENT AND HAVE HIM LOCKED UP. I WAS AFRAID TO TAKE THE ELEVATORS. I RUSHED WILDLY DOWN THE STAIRS...'

HE'S CRAZY!
DRUNKEN MAD!

EXIT

KIT

WHERE WILL I GO? WHAT
WILL I DO? POLICE!
THAT'S IT! I'LL FIND
THE POLICE!

EXIT

'I RUSHED MADLY INTO
THE ALLEY BETWEEN THE
BUILDINGS. I STOPPED
SUDDENLY IN HORROR!'

AIY YYYYY!
HE'S
DEAD!

AS BROWN SPOKE HE COULD
SCARCELY CONTAIN HIMSELF:
'I COULDN'T BELIEVE I'D KILLED
A MAN. BUT KENT WAS LYING
THERE WITH A HOLE IN HIS
HEAD AS BIG AS A DIME! I WANTED
TO RUN AWAY...'

BUT
THE POLICE
WILL FIND
HIM! AND
THEY'LL FIND
ME! THEY
ALWAYS DO!

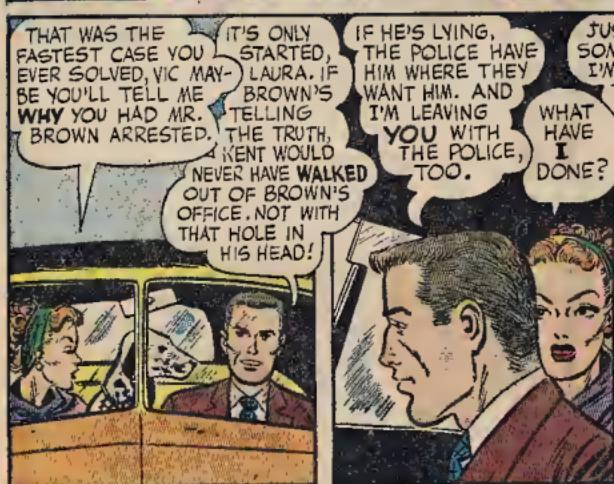
'THEN I THOUGHT OF YOU, CUTTER.
I WAS SURE YOU'D KNOW WHAT TO DO!'

I'LL TAKE THE
BODY THERE, TOO.

'I DROVE HERE AND BLOCKED THE DRIVEWAY
WITH MY CAR, HOPING TO HOLD YOU IF WE MISSED
CONNECTIONS. THEN I THOUGHT OF PLACING THE
BODY IN YOUR CAR!'

THIS WILL BE A
SURE WAY TO DELAY
MR. CUTTER!





IT TOOK ME NOT OVER TEN MINUTES TO DRIVE TO BROWN'S OFFICE...

THERE'S THE ALLEY BROWN SPOKE ABOUT. I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

THAT'S BLOOD ON THE DRIVEWAY ALL RIGHT. AND HEY, WHAT'S THIS?!!

AN EMPTY SHELL! FORTY-FIVE, TOO, SAME AS BROWN'S GUN! BUT BROWN WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN TIME TO PULL A SHELL FROM A REVOLVER. THIS SHELL COULD HAVE BEEN EJECTED FROM AN AUTOMATIC!

I KEPT LOOKING ABOUT THE GROUND AND AT LAST I FOUND WHAT I WAS SEARCHING FOR...

HERE IT IS! THE MURDER BULLET!

I WANTED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE MURDERED MAN. I WAITED UNTIL DARK AND DROVE TO THE BUILDING THAT HOUSED HIS OFFICE...

YOU STAY HERE, ERIE... I WON'T BE LONG...

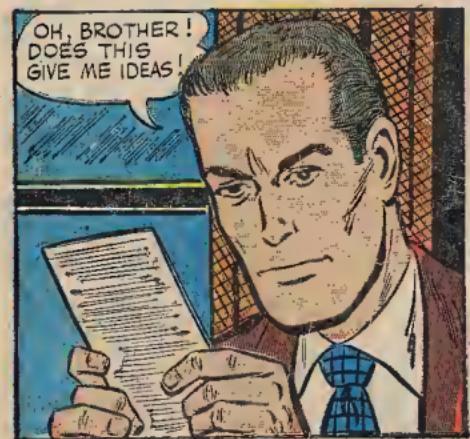
LUCKILY THE ELEVATOR WAS STILL RUNNING.

SIXTH FLOOR, PLEASE.

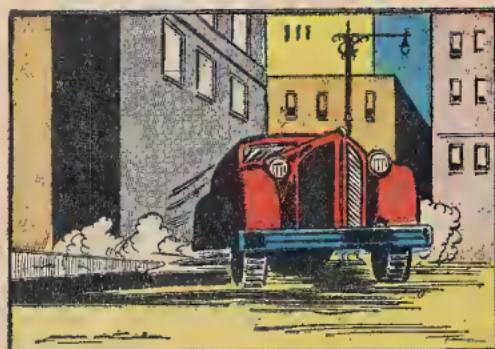
I TRIED THE DOOR OF KENT'S OFFICE. IT WAS LOCKED...

WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY IF YOU CAN FIND IT...

KENT
CRAIG.
&
HARDY
CONSTRUCTION
ENGINEERS









SMASHING BOOK OFFER

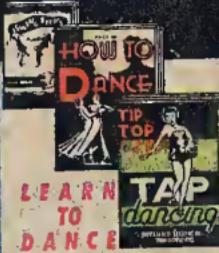
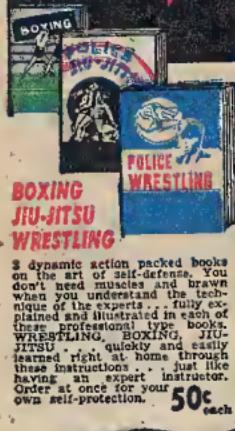
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- Writes up to 2 years without re-filling. Re-lead and re-ink always available.
- Unbreakable metal and plastic exterior. Streamlined ten in. long.
- Writes as it writes. No blotting, no smearing.
- Writes in 11 in. carbons. Writes on any paper or fabric surface.

THE BILLFOLD

- Genuine Leather. Streamlined with a deeply designed built-in plastic Coin Holder made to hold several dollars worth of change so it can't fall out.
- Has spacious money compartment which can hold up to \$100.00.
- Has 4 pocket built-in pass case, each pocket protected by celluloid to prevent soiling of valuable documents.
- Has spacious money compartment which can hold up to \$100.00.
- Has celluloid window with stitched leather to hold your engraved Social Security Plate.
- Has leather Snap Catcher. Easy to open and close.
- Has leather Snap Catcher. Easy to open and close.

Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution make such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get a Ball Point Pen with a retractable point plus a genuine Leather Pass Case Billfold with built-in Coin Holder and your engraved Social Security Plate—all for only \$1.98. Ballpoint pens have been selling for more than we ask for the Pen AND the Billfold on this offer. When you see the pen and billfold and examine their many outstanding features as described here, you'll agree that we are giving you a value you won't be able to duplicate for a long time. Don't delay taking advantage of this big money-saving offer. These pens and billfolds are sure to sell out fast so it will be first come, first served. Rush your order today on our 10-day Examination Offer. Your satisfaction is positively guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY!
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Guarantee: Rush me the Retractable Ball Point Pen and Genuine Leather Coin Holder Billfold with my engraved three-color Social Security Plate at \$1.98 each. If I am not satisfied if I am not 100% satisfied, I can return my purchase within ten days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME	(Please Print Clearly)	
ADDRESS		
CITY	ZONE	STATE
<input type="checkbox"/> To save shipping charges, I am enclosing \$1.98 for the pen and \$2.98 for the Billfold. Ship my order all postage charges prepaid.		
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		